

VOL. XI

COL. R. S. TIMMIS  
2904 YONGE ST.  
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Col. R. S. Timmis  
2904 Yonge St  
Toronto 12.

No. 4

# THE GOAT

"A" "H Q" "B"

## ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

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*Longer, about history of R.C.D.  
in XV parts marked X  
also "Moreau Wood Action,"  
marked  
also "Canadian Cavalry  
in March 1918"  
marked*

"A"

HQ

"B"

ALLIED WITH 1<sup>ST</sup> THE ROYAL DRAGOONS.

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TORONTO, ONT.

JUNE, 1933

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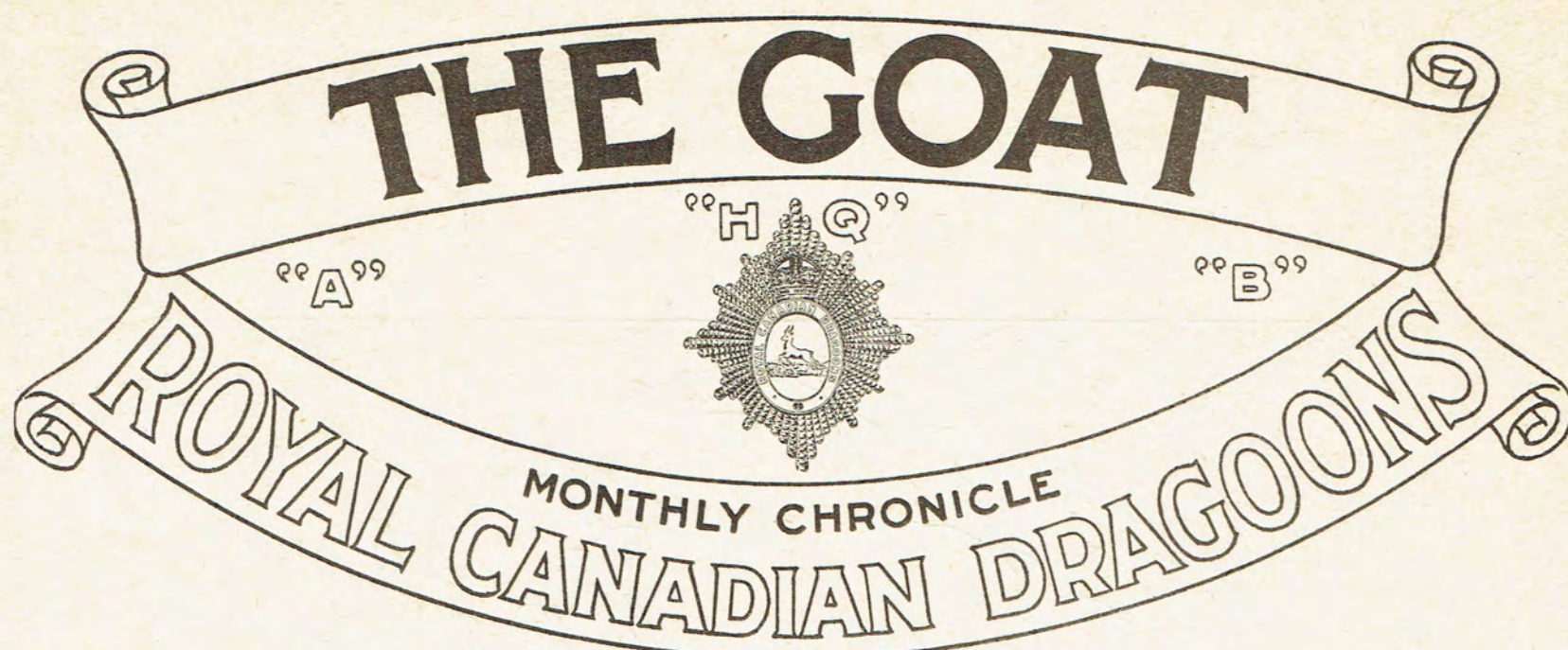
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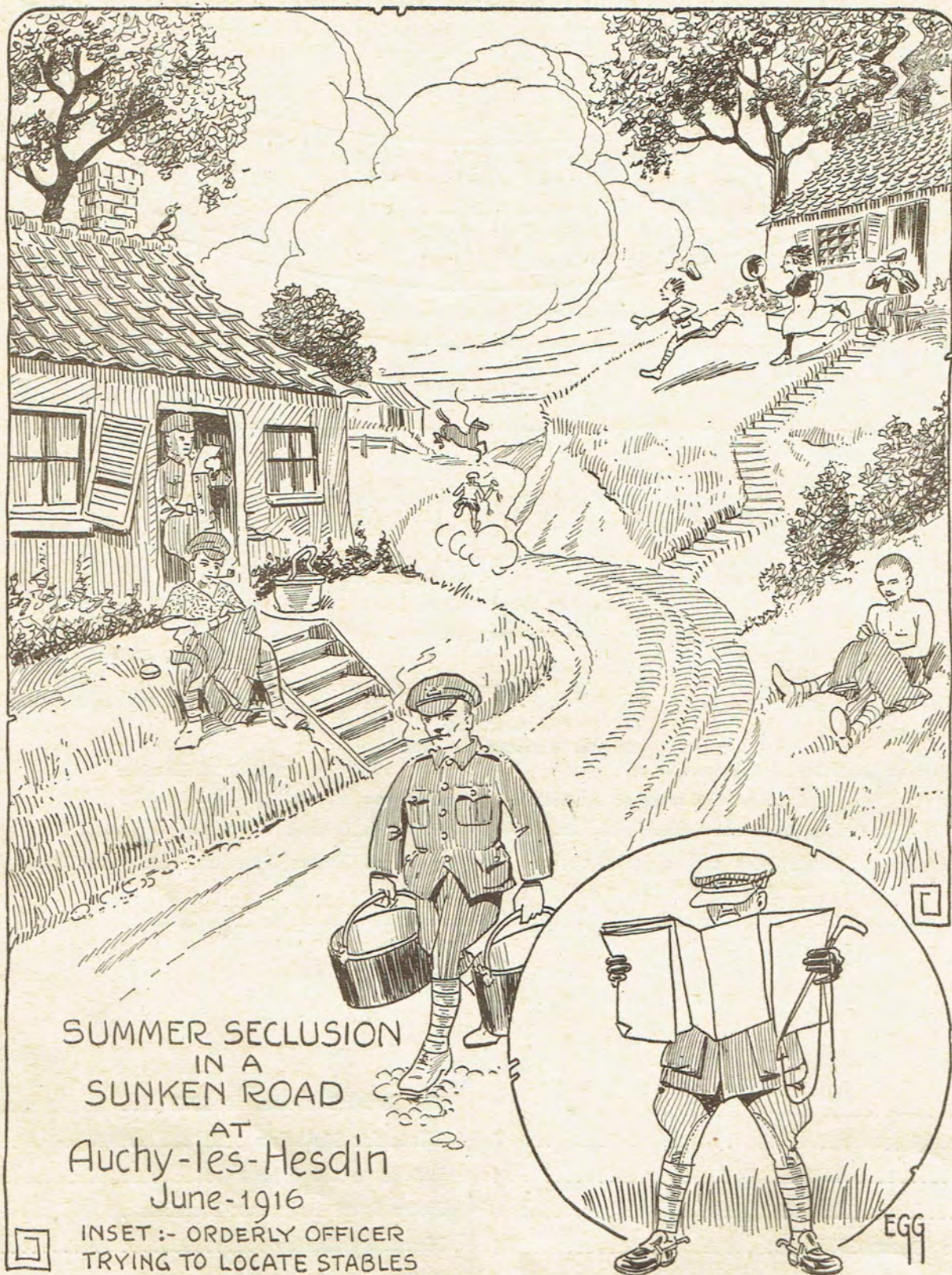
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# Personal & Regimental

Among the visitors to Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, was Major D. Grant, R.C.D. of National Defence Headquarters, Ottawa, and Major Fisher, who commanded 'A' Sqn. R.C.D. during the war. This was the first visit that Major Fisher has had the pleasure of making to Cavalry Barracks, and expressed himself delighted with everything connected with the Barracks.

On Saturday June 10th the Officers of Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, attended the annual show of the Montreal Hunt Club.

Ten horses were entered, and the results were very gratifying in spite of keen competition.

Unfortunately, Lieut. Larocque's 'Lady' was invalided ten days before the show and was unable to enter, however we will look for some excellent prospects in the near future.

All the officers, entered, the horses being Golden Melody and Actress II by Colonel Caldwell, Mother Bertha, Bridget and Ruddigore, by Major Drury, Goldie, by Capt. Wood.

Eighty-three and Sherry Club by Mr. Larocque, Silver Tip and George Washington by Lt. Berwick.

The results are as follows:—

2nd in the open jumping was Golden Melody ridden by master Dick Caldwell after a jump off with an entry of Mr. E. S. Mason of Malone, N.Y., Both horses had clean performances, but in the jump off the result was four faults against three.

2nd—Best boy rider under 16 years of age—Actress II ridden by Master Kenneth Caldwell.

3rd—in the open jumping—Mother Bertha, ridden by Major-Drury. Faults one hind tick.

3rd—open hunters—George Washington—ridden by Lieut. Berwick.

3rd pairs—Eighty-three and Silver Tip ridden by Lieuts. Larocque and Berwick.

4th—Hunt Teams—The members being:

Mother Bertha—ridden by Maj. Drury.

Bridget—ridden by Mrs. Drury.

Ruddigore—ridden by Tpr. Lewis.

4th—Bertha—Road Hack, Major Drury.

4th—Pairs—George Washington and Sherry Club ridden by Lts. Berwick and Larocque.

The judges were Allan Case Esq. of Toronto, and Capt. S. C. Bate, R.C.D. Niagara-on-the-Lake.

The ring master was S.S.M. F. W. Harding, R.C.D., Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

After a very short sojourn at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Lt. T. Brown R.C.A.M.C. has been transferred to Camp Borden. On May 30th a small dance was given in his honour by the officers mess.

Those present at the dance were:

Major and Mrs. Trotter, Mr. and Miss McCabe, Miss Fernande Brunet, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Savoy, Miss Madeleine Morin, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Ellis, Mrs. Turney, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Brown, Mr. Edward Windsor and Mr. Chas. Young, Lt. Col. and Mrs. E. L. Caldwell, Nursing Sister McDonald, Major V. Hodson, Lieut. J. H. Larocque, Lieut. D. B. Buell, Lieut. J. H. W. Pope, Lt. E. W. H. Berwick.

On Wednesday, June the 21st the Officer Commanding Military district No. 4 entertained at a garden party at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, for Vice-Admiral Plunkett Erne-Erle-D'Rax of the West Indies, and the Officers of H.M.S., Norfolk.

The death occurred last month of Lieut. Bizzard, of the French Dragoons, while driving in a military steeple chase his horse stampeded, throwing him against a tree, Lieut. Bizard was a member

of the French Army Team. All ranks will no doubt remember him competing at the Royal Winter Fair.

Capt. J. Wood, R.C.D., was the winner this month of a 'Habitant Rug' drawn in a raffle sponsored by the Canadian Legion throughout the Province of Quebec to aid in unemployment relief.

Capt. J. Woods, R.C.D. of Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, is at present stationed at Ottawa, Ont., where he has taken over the duties of camp Adjutant for the Small Arms school being held there for the summer.

## Copy of Telegram.

General Lord Seeley,  
Isle of Wight, England.

Heartiest congratulations on your peerage. Your old comrades are delighted.

Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Newport, Isle of Wight,  
Officer Commanding,  
Royal Canadian Dragoons,  
Stanley Barracks, Toronto, Ont.

Most grateful thanks your kind telegram of congratulations from my old comrades in arms.

General Seeley.

We all offer our sincere congratulations to General Lord Seeley, D.S.O. on his peerage. Gen. Lord Seeley will be remembered by old comrades as Commander of the Third Brigade during the war.

We offer our heartiest congratulations to L/Cpl. J. B. Harrison on his promotion to the rank of Corporal. Great work J.B. best of luck.

All ranks will regret the de-

parture of Nursing Sister McDonald R.C.A.M.C. of Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, for Quebec. Nursing sister McDonald arrived at Cavalry Barracks in 1932 and since then has made many friends. We all wish Miss McDonald the best of luck and success in her new station.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, was well represented when twenty-eight men of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, along with twenty-five other ranks from 'D' Company the R.C.R. left for Montreal, under the command of Capt. J. Wood, R.C.D. to attend the annual Garrison Church Parade held on Sunday May 28th, both parties presented a very smart appearance in their Review Order dress as they left. Those of the Royal Canadian Dragoons who were "on parade" are as follows:

Capt. J. Woods,  
Sgt. Blake,  
Sgt. Hider,  
Sgt. Jewkes,  
Sgt. Desnoyers,  
Cpl. Wheeler  
Cpl. Russell  
Cpl. Quartly  
L/Cpl. D'Orsonnens  
L/Cpl. Raybould  
L/Cpl. McDonald  
L/Cpl. Dobson  
L/Cpl. Jewkes  
L/Cpl. Lawrence  
L/Cpl. Croft  
L/Cpl. Defosses  
Tpr. McGorman  
Tpr. Ross  
Tpr. Cornwall  
L/Cpl. Dougherty  
Tpr. Marshall  
Tpr. McKenzie  
Tpr. Forgrave  
Tpr. Bailly  
Tpr. Wendon  
Tpr. Carpenter  
Tpr. Hone  
Tpr. McLean  
Tpr. Northrup

Cpl. Russel, Tpr. Dawkes, Tpr. Therien, and Tpr. Doherty of Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, have proceeded to Ottawa, where they



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will work in conjunction with the machine-gun companies and machine-gun sections of the Militia during their summer training. These men will take over the duties of limber drivers.

Congratulations are extended to Cpl. and Mrs. S. Quartly of Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, on the birth of a little girl, June 5th, 1933.

We are very glad to see Sgt. Inst. G. Simpkins, of Cavalry Barracks, around again after his after his illness.

We regret the fact, that in the last two months the Goat has been rather late in going to press, this is no doubt very evident to all and sundry, we feel that we owe an apology to all. Owing to Musketry and Machine gun training and nearly a week lost at Point aux Trembles, we have fallen sadly behind. We sincerely hope that in future we will be able to send the old 'Goat' out in the required time.

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A Regimental March has been adopted and set to sheet music.

The Regiment is also in possession of this music in the form of band cards for a 62 piece band.

This March will be used on all ceremonial occasions when a band is present and for Musical Ride entry and exit march.

Copies of the March arranged as Pianoforte (solo sheet) music can be obtained for 35c a copy from the canteen at Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

The Goat is printed by E. R. Smith Co., Limited, General Printers, St. Johns, Q. 1.

## Football.

Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns.

The Kings birthday, June the 3, was observed by all ranks, at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, the day being a general holiday for the Garrison.

In the afternoon the first football of the season was played between the Royal Canadian Dragoons and the Royal Canadian Regiment, both teams turned out in full force, looking very formidable and determined.

From the side-lines it looked to be a hard game. Quartly started the proceedings by scoring on a penalty in the first half. Soon after that Marshall sent in another to keep it company thus making the second score for the Drags.

After this performance the R.C.R.'s. started to sit up and take notice, in fact Brown, took so much notice that he made two goals for the R.C.R. in the last half.

Just before the whistle blew for the finish Munro sent in another which brought the score up to 3 to 2 in favour of the Drags. Considering that this was the first game played this year it went off very well, we hope to see many more good games during the summer.

## Niagara Notes.

Congratulations to the cricket eleven on winning their first game this season, and by an inning and some too.

We had a real taste of Niagara weather the first Wednesday we were in Camp; 18 tents being blown down, and most of them damaged. It was quite the worst storm we can remember, and burst during the dinner hour. The Men's Mess tent was the first to go, and everyone had a thorough wetting. However the next few days were very fine and hot, and so everything had a chance to dry once again.

An Activity Ride is being put on for the St. Catharines Horse Show and if we are not able to write this up this month, we'll ask for space in the next issue. (Editor please note). This Ride was a big success at the recent Toronto Horse Show, and the boys deserve

THE ANNUAL R.C.D. OLD COMRADES PICNIC WILL BE HELD AT NIAGARA-ON-THE-LAKE ON SATURDAY JULY 22ND. ARRANGEMENTS FOR TRANSPORTATION AND THE DETAILS FOR THE SPORTS, INCLUDING REGIMENTAL MOUNTED SPORTS, WILL BE THE SAME AS LAST YEAR, LUNCHES WILL BE BROUGHT AS LAST YEAR, NOTICES WILL BE MAILED TO ALL REGISTERED OLD COMRADES, IN A FEW DAYS.

special mention since the Riders assembled in something of a hurry and rehearsals were few. Tpr. Gough, who is used as the obstacles in the last jump, has an unenviable job, but he thrives on that sort of work, and a few among the spectators would willingly believe that this figure was not a dummy.

Cricket is once again proving a popular summer sport, and games have been arranged with several out of town elevens. As usual many new players are asserting themselves, and we expect to furnish stiff opposition for any team which ventures into Camp.

Inter-troop sports will soon be under weigh, and efforts are being made to have a Squadron Discounted Sports day this year, to encourage inter-Troop Competition and to get a line on how badly we are going to beat our arch-enemies the R.C.R.

The hot weather drove many of the lads into the lake where the cold water quickly drove them back again. However it will be warm in a short while, and we will make full use of the beach allotted to us.

A young subaltern had just joined the regiment, he was a frightfully nervous boy, particularly in the mess where he was almost afraid to move for fear of behaving some way contrary to Etiquette.

At last the major, rough but kindly at heart, took pity on him and slapping him on the back said jovially:

"I suppose its the old old story — what, the fool of the family sent in to the Army."

"Oh, no Sir," replied the young man seriously "Things have altered a lot since your day."

## ST. CATHARINES HORSE SHOW, 1933

### RESULTS

#### Unicorn Hunt Team:—

3rd R.C.D. Team—Captain L. D. Hammond, "Kippendavie."; Lieut. A. P. Ardagh, "Belfast"; Lieut. H. A. Phillips, "Musolini."

#### \$500 Touch and Out Stakes:—

1st day's preliminary—1st Capt. S. C. Bate "Spats."

3rd day's preliminary—1st Capt. L. D. Hammond, "Red Plume."

Finals— Reserve Champion — Captain S. C. Bate, "Spats."

#### Open Hunters Light Weight—

3rd—Captain S. C. Bate, "Bendore."

#### Officer's Chargers—

1st—Captain G. F. Berteau, "Bob."

2nd—Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., "Gold Leaf."

3rd—Captain S. C. Bate, "Bendore."

4th—Lieut. A. P. Ardagh, "Mike."

#### \$500 Knock Down and Out—

4th—Captain L. D. Hammond, "Red Plume."

#### Green Hunter Light Weight—

3rd—Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., "Gold Leaf."

#### Handy Hunter—

3rd—Capt. S. C. Bate, "Mountain Top."

#### Pair of Hunters—

3rd—Capt. S. C. Bate's pair—"Bendore (Captain Bate) "Mountain Top" (Lt. Col. Timmis.)

#### Inter-Municipal Teams—

1st—R.C.D. Niagara Camp.— Lt. Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.— "Holiday."

Capt. L. D. Hammond, "Red Plume."

Capt. S. C. Bate "Spats."



**N.C.O's Troop Horse—**

B. 18—Sgt. J. Y. MacDonald,  
B. 61—Tpr. P. J. Lennon  
B. 60—L/Cpl. M. N. Stafford  
B. 40—S.S.M. C. Sayger

**Jumping, N.C.O's.**

B. 67—L/Cpl. W. T. Morgan  
B. 112—Tpr. V. Ward,  
B. 73—L/Cpl. F. R. Parker  
B. 44—Tpr. W. A. Knights

**Ringmaster—**

R.S.M. F. Wardell, D.C.M.

**Assembly Ringmaster—**

S.M.A. A. F. Madden.

**Trumpeter—**

Tpr. Major A. E. Galloway.

## We Move.

By J. B. H.

Once again summer comes around and we have to pull up our roots in Toronto and make our way to Niagara Camp. Once again much time and thought is expended on ways and means of getting various articles across without having them throw off the boat as 'Surplus baggage,' and once again still more time, and thought is spent in planning the route to be followed by the Mounted Details. This year, the Gods had smiled on us for we had obtained permission to travel by "Private motor car" and we thought we were in for a real holiday. On Tuesday May 30th the mounted details left Stanley Barracks, early in the morning, and while it was yet quite cool, with Oakville as their objective for the first days march. Some two hours afterwards, we left together with various other mechanised details, and we arrived at Oakville, at H. S. Wilson's establishment, which as in previous years had been loaned to us for the first night. It was here that our fond hopes of a holiday were rudely shattered, for there was baggage to be unloaded, and several shelters to be erected, water to be drawn and all other minor fatigues which become necessary when a Squadron halts on the road. However, everything was about ready when the Squadron arrived, and they sure looked a tired lot. It had been a hot morning, but they had made excellent time and it did not take them

long before their horses had been fed, groomed and watered, and they were free to set about their own bivouac, etc. It was at this stage that some one placed us in charge of some very cold refreshments, and we did a good 'pique' until it was empty. By five o'clock we had made ourselves quite at home, for as long as a Dragoon has all his personal kit with him, and his arms, saddlery and equipment, he is at home, and everyone had time for a long rest; a few of the more bold lads went into Oakville to the show, but the majority made down their 'kips' in tables under trees, and in various other places according to their individual taste.

Reveille was at 5.00 the next morning, and the Squadron moved off at 7.00 accompanied by two Provincial traffic cops, who stayed with them all the way in. We had a few more odd jobs to do, including 'Duff Fatigue', and then we once more hopped into the old Lizzie, and made tracks for Winona. The day was very hot, but we only had about an hour to spare at Winona before the Mounted Details rode in, they had made fast time, again, and once more we did the usual rounds of odd jobs, and everything was settled by 3.00 p.m. and the men were free. It certainly was a popular idea to finish the march in the early p.m. as it would have been quite unpleasant riding in the intense heat, and each afternoon was almost like a holiday. At Winona, the Squadron were quartered at the Smith Factory, and a large room had been placed at our disposal. Once again we were made Canteen Steward, and it sure gave one an appetite. In the evening we had a quite unofficial smoker, and a good time was had by all. Although it was quite hot during the day it became almost cold at night, but at reveille each morning the cook staff had hot coffee ready, and everyone was satisfied. The Squadron moved off at 7.00 p.m. and almost beat us into Beamsville. Here, we had our old quarters in the Fair Grounds, and the Sqn. arrived around 10.15 a.m. which gave them a real rest before the next march. It was still very hot, and the only drawback to the whole march the delay in getting water, one lone tap having to do service for the whole bunch. However, nobody minded

the slight delay, and a half-holiday was declared. In the evening we watched Beamsville defeat St. Catharines rather badly at softball, and everyone retired early for the next days march was the longest. Up to this stage there had been no casualties of any extent, and the following morning the Squadron moved off to St. Catharines. After the usual cleaning-up exercises we overtook them on one of those bad hills between Beamsville and St. Catharines, and by the time we had water drawn at the Armories St. Catharines, the Sqn. arrived. We halted at St. Kitts for about an hour and a half, and then moved on in to Camp, arriving shortly after two o'clock. The march was excellently carried out, the men were always satisfied. The cook staffs did excellent work, and the men found a meal ready every time they came away from stables." We personally enjoyed the trip immensely, and were quite sorry when it was over. Some day we are going to buy a horse and ride across Canada, but we don't think it will be just yet.

## Here and There.

Good Old Niagara, some say... wonder how many said it during the P.M. of June 7th, a half-holiday at that. Talk about Noah and his Arch,.....some of the braves took shelter in the cook house, and while the rain thundered down, and many tents gently settled to the ground like old hens sitting on eggs, they had several suppers——some one suggested sending out a dove..... couldn't find any so sent Joe Willis....he never came back.... later on Tom Duff was sent out.....he came back with two empty beer bottles so we knew the rain was all over.....everything was wet, and with the storm at its height Duff demanded a fatigue party to up-end one of those small edifices of which he is caretaker.....did he get it? ask me another.....had a great time on the line of march....Canteen Steward, Mess waiter, Fatigue man, and even Pioneer being just a few of the duties we performed.....not bad for a blinken pen-

pusher eh?.....more of this elsewhere....Niagara is just the same.....same old places, and same old faces.....usual complaints from Thomas, and one new one about the location of his quarters.....it appears that he offered to share a tent with anyone, and everyone was so hurt in the rush that he had to go and sleep in the wagon shed.....we hate to think what he will feel like when his influential friends from the U.S. come across to see him.. who was the "RUFF" who was thrown off a bicycle?...."what abaht the beqr Dave?".....its done you know.....Congratulations Mr. McGillicuddy, and may all your troubles be little ones.. ....two orphan white tents look like white sheep amongst black ones in our lines, but this rumour that the "Toil Troop" are going to khaki blanco them.. ....Fergy says we are color blind.....well, who wouldn't be after having a look at some of the Spring Ensembles going about Camp.....Egbert (Ah, what issue would be complete without some mention of this son of the Soil)? says he has ever saw so much rain since before after the time he came to go.....oh well, .....you finish it.....we give up.....this months puzzle..... who was the N.C.O. who abandoned Ship when the rain started, and struck his sails to prevent the wind from doing same:....answer next week....and this months award for the most embarrassing moment goes to the brave who was walking down one of the Main streets in Hamilton, or should we say THE main street, and stopping outside very imposing building where a slightly beery looking gent was holding it up, he inquired of him 'Is this the Armories'? No, taint, its the Knox Presbyterian church, came the answer from the beery one.....was his face red..... after the storm came the heat, and HOW.....too hot to work, and

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much too hot to do nothing....so we compromise and do nothing... hope to have some sporting comments by next month....congratulations to the new Editor....that concludes our broadcast for this month....this is J.B.H. signing off and thinking only.....just..... its too hot....and the blots on this is sweat, not tears.

J.B.H.

One of our N.C.O's (stranded with motorcycle, and studying map)....."If that little mark there is St. Johns I am all right, but if it just a fly speck, Gawd help me.."

Admiral: "Are they seasoned Troops."

General: "Seasoned, I should say no, first they were mustered by their officers, and then peppered by the enemy."

Soldier: "How would describe a gold digger? A girl who is after a man for all she is worth."

Sailor: "No, one who is after a man for all he is worth."

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## Brantford Notes.

Saturday, June 10th was a red letter day in Brantford's Military circles. Out at the Airport, the Camp of the 10th Brant Dragoons was drawing to a close, the occasion being marked with a visit by General E. C. Ashton, C.M.G., D. O.C. Military District No. 2, who in the morning, inspected the different units in Camp. The weather was very fine and hot, and the turn-out was exceptionally good. The Horse lines, and tents were in proper "Generals' Inspection" order, and the General expressed himself as being more than pleased with the appearance of the Camp. After the Inspection, the General took the salute, and the Dragoons marched past at the walk, trot and gallop, the whole being carried out in an efficient manner.

In the afternoon, the Brant Dragoons put on a program of mounted sports, before a large crowd of local and out of town people, and "A" Squadron, or the "Local Brigade" distinguished themselves by walking off with all the major awards. The program consisted of Boot and Saddle race, V.C. race, Best turned out Section, Tent-Pegging, Tilting the bucket, bareback wrestling, Musical Chairs, all of which denoted the experience of those in charge of the activities. The afternoon finished up with an Officer's Jumping Class, and then the visitors were shown through the lines, and had various points about Cavalry Organization explained to them by an eager bunch of N.C.O's and Troopers.

The band provided musical renditions during the afternoon and helped to make the affair an enjoyable one for all.

Prominent amongst the organizers were R.S.M. (Ex S.S.M.) C. W. Smith and S. M. (Ex. Sgt.) Huff late of the R.C.D. and the efficiency of the "Local Brigade" was obviously due in no small measure to their efforts.

During the interval between events, we were surprised to meet ex-L/Cpl. W. Sidebotham, and ex-Trooper G. Waud, who were among the spectators.

Jack: "Susa and I are engaged  
Tent-mate: "You don't mean it.  
Jack: "No, but she thinks I do,"

## GAME HORSE WINS WITH ONE BROKEN LEG

"Game? He was gave as the devil."

In these words, Mr. Ivor Anthony the trainer, spoke the epitaph of Boomlet, the veteran racehorse which won its last race at Worcester the other day, with a broken leg trailing uselessly at his side according to a London, Eng., turf expert.

'Boomlet the Lionheart,' they call him at his Wroughton (Wilts) training quarters, and the story of his last race is one which they will treasure in the history of the turf.

Only for a second did Boomlet hesitate when his hind leg snapped. The, with head bravely up, he finished the race on three legs.

It was in the Pitchcroft Selling Hurdle, of two miles. His leg broke jumping the third hurdle home, yet he managed to scramble over the remaining two.

Just past the winning post he collapsed, and, while Mr. Anthony and his owner, Mr. Large, stood beside him, the gallant old warrior was painlessly destroyed.

"I have known him for ten years—since his owner bought him for £50—and I have never met a pluckier horse," the head boy at the stables said.

"He was 13 years old, and I'll guarantee he enjoyed that last race as much as when he was a three-year-old. He never raced on the flat, but he had won some good races over the hurdles, including the Welsh Grand National.

"He was a brave-hearted fellow, and if ever a horse enjoyed his life and died content, it was Boomlet.

"All the same, when I look at his empty stall... Well, it doesn't quite seem right without him."

Fond wife: "Will, do you know that you have not kissed me for a week."

Sergeant (rather absent minded) My, My, how annoying, who the devil is it that I have been kissing."

Officer: (to sentry who has been asleep.)

'What do you mean by taking your boots off.'

Sentry: (a fast thinker) so that I should not wake the horses up, Sir."

## History of the Royal Canadian Dragoons

Compiled by the late Major T. A. James, R.C.D. and verified and edited by Mr. R. C. Featherstonhaugh.

### ORIGIN AND EARLY HISTORY

The Royal Canadian Dragoons was organized as a Permanent Force unit by Lieut.-Col. J. F. Turnbull at the Citadel, Quebec, in 1883. Colonel Turnbull commanded the Regiment from its inception as 'A' Troop Cavalry school Corps and School of Cavalry, equipped as Hussars, until November 1, 1895, when he retired owing to ill health. During his command the Regiment grew to two squadrons took part in the campaign in North-West, Canada, thereby gaining its first battle honour "North-West Canada 1885" and became successively; Cavalry School Corps and Royal School of Cavalry (1887) The Canadian Dragoons (1892) and The Royal Canadian Dragoons (1893.) The Cavalry School Corps in 1883 included personnel from the Queen's Own Canadian Hussars and Colonel Turnbull noted that through these men there existed a succession which definitely linked the Corps with the French period in Canadian History.

Referring to the organization of 'A' Troop, Colonel Turnbull wrote in 1884; 'I proceeded without delay to form a permanent troop of Cavalry, which, while performing its own regular duties, would also act as a military school of instruction to it's special arm of the Service, besides supplying first class drill-instructors to any corps that might wish to make use of their services during the period of annual drill.' The ideal embodied in these words was difficult of attainment, Colonel Turnbull continued:

"I commenced by the appointment of a sergeant-Major from the 4th Dragoon Guards and two sergeant-instructors. One of these came from the 7th Dragoon Guards and the other from the 15th King's Hussars. All three non-commissioned officers, in their respective regiments, are in possession of very high testimonials from their Commanding officers and also from



the General Officer Commanding the Cavalry Brigade at Aldershot, who said:— 'They were about the smartest and best drill instructors there.'

The remaining men of the troop I recruited, one half in Ontario and the other half in Quebec and the Maritime Provinces—no difficulty whatever being experienced in obtaining recruits, three times the number offering that I could accept—with this excellent result that I was able to select a very superior class of young men and as fine material to make good cavalymen as I ever saw."

#### North West Canada, 1885.

The routine of training and instructional duty that followed organization of the Cavalry Corps School in 1883 was interrupted in 1885 by Louis Riel's rebellion in the North-West. On April 10, 'A' Troop was called out for service and on the following day, April 11, left Headquarters at the Citadel, Quebec, and proceeded to Winnipeg, which was reached on April 19th. The troop consisted of Lieut. Col. J. F. Turnbull, Lt. E. H. Heward, Lieut. F. L. Lessard (Later Major-General F. L. Lessard, C.B.), forty-five N.C.O's and men and thirty-three horses.

General Sir Frederick Middleton Commanding the Expedition decided to use the School Troop of Cavalry (later 'A' Squadron, Royal Canadian Dragoons) and the Winnipeg Troop of Cavalry on the line of communication between Qu'Appelle and Humboldt, a distance of seventy-eight miles, as there were several bands of Indians and some half-breeds of doubtful character in the Touchwood Hills between these places. At the conclusion of the campaign, General Middleton said that the Cavalry, under Colonel Turnbull had been posted at Touchwood, that the post was important and that he had every reason to be satisfied with the zealous and admirable manner in which the duties of the post had been carried out.

The following account from 'Riel's Second Rebellion' by T. A. Haulton, published in 1885, gives some impression of the difficult country in which the patrols, reconnaissances and other fatiguing duties that fell to the Regiment's lot were carried out. That these duties were well performed and

the consequent hardship cheerfully borne, numerous officers and others have testified.

"North and West of the Touchwood Hills on the Humboldt trail is the Great Salt Plain as it is called. In reality however, it is an alkali swamp or belt about thirty-two miles wide and destitute of anything in the shape of trees or shelter except a little row of scraggy bushes which are found midway across the plain and called 'The Strawberry bushes.' They are well known to freighters as the only shelter to be found in the plain during a storm."

The Touchwood Hills were gravely and more heavily wooded than the Great Salt Plain, with much fallen timber that had suffered dry rot. The Indians had been wont to visit these hills to obtain supplies of tinder (touchwood) and it was thus that the hills had acquired their name.

As the expedition was undertaken in April, when the weather

was bitterly cold, the long days in the saddle demanded courage and hardihood, but it is interesting to note that sport was also possible. Colonel Turnbull describes sports held in the Touchwood Hills on May 24th 1885, as follows:

"The Queen's Birthday this year was one never to be forgotten, the review of Cavalry at the Hudson's Bay Post, Touchwood, bringing together settlers, teamsters, Indians and half-breeds, with their wives and families as spectators. The afternoon was devoted to regimen-

tal games and horse-racing, affording intense pleasure to these people; and in the evening there was a huge bonfire, around which hundreds congregated, singing and smoking until the trumpets sounded 'Last Post' and a grand chorus of God Save the Queen' closed a most enjoyable day."

On Dominion Day, July 1st, a shooting match was held between the Quebec and Winnipeg Troops of Cavalry in the Touchwood Hills, the Winnipeg men winning after a close contest by two points.

#### 1887

Routine training resumed after the collapse of the Riel rebellion of 1885, continued without incident until the night of July 6th, when at 10.30 o'clock fire broke out at the entrance to Troop Stables, the Citadel, Quebec and spread with such rapidity that twenty-three horses were burned to death. The wooden buildings were burned to the ground and some guns and ammunition were also destroyed, pieces of exploded shell falling as far away as the St. Louis Gate. 'A' Troop worked devotedly to quench the flames and to safeguard property and the General Officer Commanding the Canadian Militia, Major Sir Frederick Middleton, reported that the Corps had done good work.

#### First Royal Designation

In the Jubilee year, 1887, Her Majesty Queen Victoria bestowed the title "Royal" upon the School of Cavalry, which thus became 'A' Troop, Cavalry School Corps and Royal School of Cavalry.

#### 1888

In January 1888, the Troop moved into new quarters in Quebec. In this year Their Excellencies the Governor General, Lord Stanley of Preston and Lady Stan-



THOMAS D. MASEY

Late R.C.R., S.A.C. R.C.D. 1914—1919.

Who in September 1914 brought 45 men down to Valcartier Camp from the West. He spoke to Major Straubenzie who swore forty of them into the squadron including himself.

Mr. Masey was then a Troop-Sergeant in the Manitoba Horse and was instrumental in recruiting one squadron in 1913.

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ley attended the Regimental sports His Excellency presenting a prize to and for the best all round man.

1889

In May 1889, there was a disastrous fire at St. Sauveur, Quebec and the Cavalry School Corps did all that lay in their power to save life and fight the flames. Major Charles J. Short and Sergt. Wallich (the latter R.C.D.) met death, fighting for the lives and property of others. The Commanding Officer of the time, Lieut.-Col. Turnbull, referred to their loss in the following words: "These soldiers are a national loss and their memories will be forever cherished in this Corps as pattern and beloved officers."

In addition to the loss by fire in St. Sauveur, Quebec suffered in 1889 through a disastrous landslide from Cape Diamond. This catastrophe called forth every officer, N.C.O. and man to rescue the living and search for the dead. In association with 'B' Battery R. C.A. the Cavalry School Corps worked night and day at the scene of the disaster.

#### Becomes The Canadian Dragoons

By a general order dated May 24th, 1892, the Cavalry School Corps, until that time equipped and maintained as Hussars, became The Canadian Dragoons. Soon thereafter, by virtue of an Order in Council, dated June 27, 1892 and published in General Orders of July 22nd the Regiment was expanded to two troops by absorption of the Canadian Mounted Rifle Corps, of Winnipeg, which became 'B' Troop, Canadian Dragoons.

#### Becomes The Royal Canadian Dragoons

By a General Order, dated August 11th, 1893, it was announced that Her Majesty Queen Victoria had conferred upon the Corps the title of Royal, with effect from May 24th and thenceforth the Corps has been designated The Royal Canadian Dragoons. The same order authorized the wearing of the Royal Cypher V.R.I. surmounted by the Imperial Crown.

#### "A" Troop Moves to Toronto

On Monday, August 21st, 1893,

"A" Troop, Royal Canadian Dragoons, left Quebec by train for Toronto, where it was to be stationed. It was seen off in Quebec by Major-General Ivor Herbert (now Lord Treowen), G.O.C. the Canadian Militia and was met in Toronto, by Lieut.-Col. W. Otter (later General Sir William Otter, K.B.C.)

On arrival in Toronto, the R. C.D. proceeded to their station in the New Fort Barracks (soon thereafter renamed Stanley Barracks,) their horses being accommodated in the stables occupied before the British Garrison was withdrawn in 1870, by a field battery of the Royal Artillery.

#### Toronto

The R.C.D. entered easily into the life at their new Station and appeared at their first Garrison Church parade in Toronto on November 12th 1893. In 1894, a military tournament was held at the new Armouries, University Avenue Toronto, "A" Troop R.C.D. contributing many of the displays including a musical ride. Since this time, R.C.D. musical rides have been popular events at most of the outstanding military tournaments in Eastern Canada.

On July 1st 1894, the troop organization of the R.C.D. was changed to squadron organization and on November 7th Captain V. A. S. Williams, (later a Commanding Officer of the Regiment, and still later Major-General, C.M.G., and the Regiment's Colonel) was transferred from "B" Squadron, Winnipeg, to "A" Squadron, Toronto.

#### Retirement of Lieut. Col. J. F. Turnbull

Owing to ill health, Lieut. Col. J. F. Turnbull, who had commanded since 1883, resigned, as from November 1st, 1899. In a short valedictory speech, he paid tribute to those who had served under him and expressed the hope that the esprit de corps then existing would continue as a characteristic of the Regiment in the future.

#### Lieut. Col. F. L. Lessard Succeeds To Command

Lieut. Col. F. L. Lessard succeeded to the command of the Regiment on the retirement of Lieut. Col. Turnbull; and on December 2nd, to complete establishment,

Captain T. D. B. Evans, was promoted Major to command "B" Squadron.

#### Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee

In 1897, the Regiment was represented in London at Her Majesty Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee by a detachment of four other ranks from Toronto and four from Winnipeg. These, with other detachments from Canadian Cavalry units totalling 3 officers and 48 other ranks, were under the the command of Major T. D. Evans, R.C.D.

1898

In 1898, the officers of the XVth Battalion, Argyll Light Infantry, presented a salver and loving cup to 'A' Squadron, R.C.D. This presentation arose out of a visit by 'A' Squadron to Belleville, Ontario on July 1st 1896, when a military display by the R.C.D. made a deep impression. Since then the Regiment has many times sent detachments to this attractive town

#### The War in South Africa

In 1899, war was declared between Great Britain and the Boer Republics of South Africa. The Dominion of Canada offered contingents of troops and the first offer accepted was for Infantry. Towards the end of 1899, however it became apparent that mounted men were needed in South Africa and the Canadian Government on November 2nd offered to supply a mounted contingent. On December 16th this offer was accepted.

#### 1st Battalion Canadian Mounted Rifles

Four days later the 1st Battalion, Canadian Mounted Rifles, was authorized by a provisional order, which was later altered and confirmed by a General Order, dated December 28th, 1899.

The 1st C.M.R. Battalion, thus authorized, was brought into being by expanding the Royal Canadian Dragoons to a war strength of 19 officers, 352 other ranks, and 375 horses. The Regiment thus merged a part of its identity into the 1st C.M.R. but on August 1900 while the 1st C.M.R. was serving in South Africa, an order restored to the unit the designation Royal Canadian Dragoons.

#### LIFE'S GAME OF CARDS

This life is but a game of cards,  
Which we all have to learn.  
Each shuffles, cuts and deals his  
pack,  
And each his trump doth turn.

Some turn a high card to the top,  
While other turn a low,  
Some hold a hand quite flush  
with trumps,  
While others none can show.

In leading, some throw out the  
ace,  
The leading card to save;  
Some play the deuce—some play  
the ten,  
But many play the knave.

Thus fools become the dupe of  
rogues,  
And rogues each other cheat,  
And he is very wise indeed  
Who may escape defeat

When hearts are trumps, we play  
for love,  
Then pleasure rules the bower.  
No thought of sorrow checks our  
joy  
In pleasure's rosy hour.

When diamonds chance to crown  
the deck  
'Tis then men play for gold.  
Large sums are often lost and won  
By gamblers young and old.

When clubs are trumps, look out  
for war,  
On ocean or on land  
For horrid deeds are often done,  
When clubs are in the hand.

No matter how much a man may  
win  
No matter how much he'd save  
He'll find at last a spade turns up  
To dig him a grave.

Corporal: "Hey, why haven't  
you shaved?"

Private: "There were six others  
using the mirror, and I must have  
shaved somebody else."

Ghandi: (pulling himself out of  
ditch) "Of all things said of tongue  
or pen, the saddest of these,  
It might have been."

L/Cpl. "I haven't slept for days  
Trooper "What's wrong?  
L/Cpl. "I sleep at night."  
Trooper "???"





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## Letters to the Editor.

22 Ballogie, Avenue,  
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England.

Dear Mr. Editor,

Enclosed please find the annual account of the Royal Tournament.

I had the pleasure of being accompanied by our old friend Sgt. F. Rowe and I can assure you that the lad enjoyed himself very much indeed thank you, whilst the various turns came in for a more than usually critical surveillance with two ex R.C.D. watching them. Capt. Byrne was quite delighted to meet another R.C.D., and the added pleasure of the gallant Jack's presence made the show doubly enjoyable to me.

Someone knocked at my door a couple of Sundays ago and when I answered a gentleman on the doorstep announced himself as Mr. Freddy Powell of Montreal. Well you can imagine the great yammer we had that day, and we have foregathered several times since. At the time of writing the genial Freddy is in Dublin but I expect to have the pleasure of seeing him again before he sails for Canada. I believe on the 10th of June. Great sport is Freddy and I think he is enjoying his trip over here.

Had a letter from ex-Corporal Umney of 'A' Squadron before the War. He is at Marlow and I am going to take the family down to see him in the near future as he is an old friend. He served through the War with the Coldstream Guards, was badly wounded, and was one of 12 men selected from the Coldstream to wear the French four agerie for gallantry an honour bestowed upon the Coldstreams by the French Government. Old R.C.D's rolling up pretty well aren't they.

Now will you do me a favour. I had a letter from our old comrade T. D. Masey some months ago asking me to get him a history of the 13th Hussars over a certain period. Well I hunted in all the likely shops I came across without success, and I think I must have left his letter in one of them, but anyway I lost it and being without his address will you please express my apologies to him and tell him that I tried to get the book he wanted, and am very re-

morseful at losing his letter.

I think this will be all now as I have had a long spell on the typewriter and am getting fed up.

All the best to you personally and The Goat, and the Regiment generally. from,

Yours Aye,

JIMMY DEE.

## Notes from Point-aux-Trembles.

Here we are back again, after a five days rest at Point-aux-Trembles, we thought St. Johns was rural. Well, everybody to his own opinion. From Sunday noon, when the first party left Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, to Friday evening when the aforesaid party arrived back at the barracks things were fairly smooth and quite, why were the farmers in such a hurry to get their cattle and horses in when we went down on the ranges, we hope they were not casting reflections on our—er—somewhat erratic shooting, true, that two above shots went places and did things without the permission of the man behind the rifle. However, later on in the day we heard from the Imperial Oil Company informing us that no one was injured, but would we please keep our shots to ourselves, as they were too busy to keep putting up signs and other property that had been shot down, they also wanted to know if Sergeant Henderson was on the ranges? We had a hard time to convince "Ghandi" that the local goats in the district were not obtainable in any way, either by sale or other wise, "Ghandi" swears that he will have one yet. The party was rather disturbed on Sunday night, some where around midnight when two braves, who had ventured into Montreal, to see what they could see, arrived back and on going to their "Hut" were very much surprised to find that the ambrosial couches that they had made down for themselves had vanished, along with the rest of the goods and chattels, being good salesmen they found that there was nothing for it but to make a house to house canvas, in spite of a lot of sales resistance, caustic remarks, the missing beds were eventually found along with

the rest of the kit. Were those two braves relieved, waking boy-friends up in the middle of the night to find out where ones bed is does not tend to make one very popular, try it.

On the whole the shooting was very good, five marksmen making the grade, with a good number of first class shots.

It was Sunday night, the 11th of June, The sky was overcast and threatened rain, but for some reason held off, Why?

The moon, which had been in the habit of rising in all his glory over the hills of St. Johns for the last week, came out from behind a cloud, looked around and promptly went behind another, Why?

The personnel of Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, on returning to their quarters around midnight suddenly stopped, looked, listened, why?

What the world was that sound coming from over the ramparts?

It sounded like the strains of an accordion, was it the spirit of some old soldier, long since departed, who being an accordion player, had returned to the haunts of his old stamping ground?

We wonder if Nero at the burning of Rome put as much into his fiddling as that midnight minstrel put into his music.

Ah, dear readers, do not be alarmed, on closer investigation it proved to be the leader of our Harmonious Quartette, while feeling the desire for solitude and music had taken himself to a longly spot on the ramparts, and in company with another, who evidently had the same desire, proceeded with one accord to cast their music on the winds, some time later the desire for sleep over came the quest for solitude—and music, our leader wended his weary way home, alone, his his partner, of this midnight reverie having (to put it plainly) "Packed up" earlier.

Then there is the one about the big noise, who owned two cars, a ford, and an Austin. The depression hit him so hard that he got rid of the big car.

What happened to the R.C.R's. when Company fall in blew the other day???

## MOUNTED INFANTRY.

By Maurice Hill

Julius Caesar was perhaps the first commander to form a corps of Mounted Infantry, when he distrusting the Gallic cavalry, took away their horses and handed them over to the trusty foot-soldiers of his Tenth Legion. In the Middle Ages we find references to 'Mounted Archers', who would appear to be true Mounted Infantry, since they used their horses as a means of rapid transportation and relied on fire action rather than on the charge as a means of defeating the enemy.

In 1678, when Grenadiers were first introduced into the British Army, we find a "division" of "Horse Granadeers" being added to each troop of The Life Guards. Captain Sir George Arthur, in his book "The Story of the Household Cavalry" says that "The Horse Grenadiers in the field acted as Mounted Infantry. They dismounted, linked their horses, fired, screwed their daggers into the muzzles of their fusils, charged, returned their daggers, fired and threw their grenades by ranks, the centre and rear ranks advancing in succession through the intervals between the file leaders. They then grounded their arms, went to the right about, and dispersed; and at the preparative or beating to arms they fell in with a hurrah. They then slung their fusils, marched to their horses, unlinked, and mounted."

Until late in the eighteenth century Dragoons were not regarded as real cavalymen, since they trained to dismount, every third man acting as horseholder, while his comrades opened fire on the enemy and occasionally charged with the bayonet, just like ordinary infantry.

In 1706, during a campaign in Spain, the eccentric Earl of Peterborough, one of the most remarkable persons who ever wore a British uniform, was desirous of increasing his mounted arm. He had only one British cavalry regiment, the 1st Royal Dragoons, and if he applied to the Government at home, he knew that, even



if they should grant his request for another cavalry regiment to be sent out, so much time must elapse before their arrival that his plan of campaign must be seriously upset. But Peterborough was a man of unusual fertility of resource, quite willing to undertake anything which ordinary men would consider to be particularly difficult, or to take any action which more conventional men would think so unusual as to be inadvisable. Having secured six hundred horses and a sufficient supply of saddlery, he summoned the 13th Foot (now 1st Bn. Somerset L.I.) from Vinaroz to Arapesa. As the regiment marched into the latter place, Lord Peterborough met them, and expressed the opinion that they would no doubt rather ride than walk. Weary with a long march over bad roads in the hot sun, it is hardly necessary to say no dissentient voice came from the ranks of the 13th. Thereupon the eccentric nobleman led them over the brow of a hill to where the horses waited, all ready saddled, and told them that as they had volunteered for mounted duty they would now be known as "Pearce's Dragoons," as in this capacity they were successfully employed for the rest of the campaign.

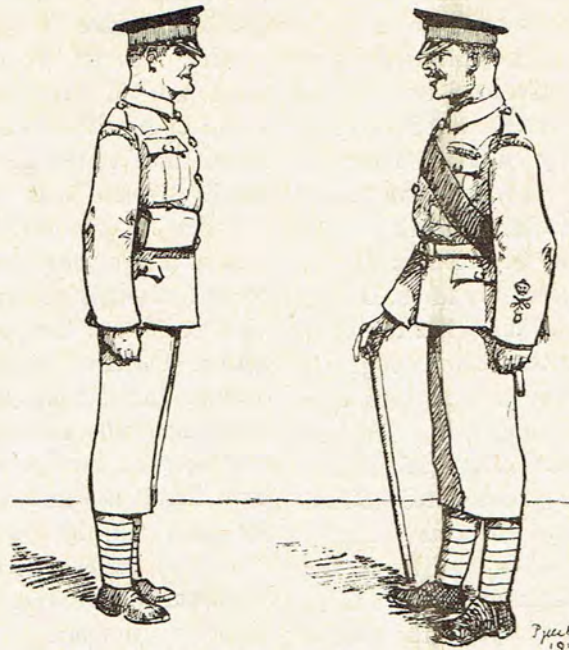
During the American War of Independence another British officer, Lord Tarleton, formed a mounted Infantry unit, known as as "Tarleton's Legion." This unit largely composed of men of the 63rd Foot (now 1st Bn Manchester Regiment), gained a considerable reputation in the guerilla warfare against the rebels. Had the British Army in America at that time had a few more men of Tarleton's stamp the course of history would have been changed, for the conditions were in many respects highly favourable to well-led Mounted Infantry.

The first Inniskillings to serve as Mounted Infantry were the four non-commissioned officers and fifty men of the 27th Foot who volunteered to serve with the "Peshawur Light Horse" during the Indian Mutiny. The Peshawur Light Horse was raised as a temporary measure to minimise the difficulties arising from the shortage of loyal and dependable cavalry on the North West Frontier in those critical days when the

fate of India hung in the balance. The personnel were volunteers from the three European infantry regiments of the Peshawur garrison; their horses were taken from native cavalymen whose sympathies were believed (in most cases on very good authority) to be with the mutiners. The other two British regiments contributing men to the Peshawur Light Horse were the 70th (now 2nd Bn. East Surrey Regt. and the 87th now 1st Bn. The Royal Irish Fusiliers.)

At Alexandria in September 1882, Lieutenant Smith-Dorrien (afterwards General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien) formed a Mounted Infantry unit composed of men of his own regiment (2nd Bn Sherwood Foresters) and of the 2nd Bn Manchester Regiment. Sir Evelyn Wood, V.C., in his book "From Midshipman to Field Marshall," says of these experimental and hastily-raised "horse-soldiers."

"Many of them had never ridden, but before sundown a section defiled past me at Ramleh, twelve ponies, two mules, and a donkey. A somewhat motley detachment, and many of them held on to their saddles; but they proceeded five miles further to the front, managed to shoot an Egyptian officer that evening, and in five days killed or wounded twelve of the enemy, as they admitted.



COY. SERGT.-MAJOR.—"Now then, Smith, supposing you were passing the Officers' Mess and saw the Adjutant leaning out of a window; would you salute him?"

RECRUIT.—"No, Sir!"

COY. SERGT.-MAJOR.—"What? You wouldn't salute the Adjutant?"

RECRUIT.—"No, Sir! We don't salute the Colour when it's cased, and in this case I'd take it the Adjutant was cased!"

Three days later Smith-Dorrien had pushed back the outposts and we were not again troubled by the Bedouin's looting the houses of Ramleh."

In 1886 a contingent of "Mounted Riflemen" was added to The Queen's Edinburgh Rifle Volunteer Brigade. This appears to be the first "permanent" Mounted In-

fantry unit in Great Britain.

As the Mounted Infantryman had proved his value in numerous colonial campaigns, he was at last given a definite place in the organization of the Regular Army in 1888 when certain specified battalions of infantry of the line serving at home were ordered to form a Mounted Infantry company. Similar companies were also formed at suitable stations abroad, and during the little wars of the 'nineties in Matabeleland, Mashonaland, and Rhodesia, the "M.I." did excellent work.

A Mounted Infantry company composed of three officers and eighty six other ranks of the 1st Bn Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers was formed at Pinetown, South Africa, towards the end of the year 1886. Approximately enough, this Inniskilling Mounted Infantry company was attached to the 6th Inniskilling Dragoons for two months instruction in riding and mounted duties. The Mounted Infantry company of the 1st Bn Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers took part in the minor operations in Zululand in 1888.

From 1892 onwards each battalion of infantry of the line stationed at home had a complete mounted detachment of one officer and thirty two other ranks, organized to form one fourth of a com-

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plete company of Mounted Infantry. They were trained to act independently or as part of a larger force, in conjunction with the Mounted Infantry detachments of other regiments. The Mounted Infantryman wore the uniform headdress of his own regiment, with the addition of bedford cord riding breeches, puttees, spurs, and bandolier. For two or three years after the Boer War the "smasher" hat, of khaki felt, with puggaree, and having the brim turn up at one side, was worn by the Mounted Infantry on manoeuvres. This hat was of the pattern worn by the Australian troops in the Great War.

The Mounted Infantryman reached the zenith of his fame in the Boer War of 1899-1902. The Boers themselves were really "Mounted Infantry," since they relied on their fire power, using their ponies as a means of locomotion, and only on very rare occasions did they indulge in shock tactics. The theatre of war was almost ideal from the mounted man's point of view; thirty years ago one could ride a hundred miles in any direction from Harrismith without being stopped by a fence.

It is not too much to say that the Mounted Infantry, on which some people affected to look with amused tolerance at first, came out of the Boer War with (probably) a greater degree of credit than any other type of fighting unit. True, many of the Mounted Infantry companies or battalions looked rather unimpressive on parade in their early days, when they were composed of novices who "got three days to learn equitation, and six months of blooming well trot," but long before peace was signed they had established a solid and well deserved reputation.

In 1899 there were six Mounted Infantry battalions with the South African Field Force; when peace was signed at Vereeniging on May 31st 1902, the number had increased to twenty eight, and the scope and status of the "M.I." had also increased in due proportion.

Colonel (afterwards Lieutenant General Sir Thos. Pilcher, writing on "Some Lessons of the Boer war," said:—"At the commencement of the war I was in common with other Infantry officers, inclined to look on the horse of the Mounted Infantryman as

simply a means of transferring him more quickly to some point where his action as an infantry might be more effective, and I considered that in this the Mounted Infantryman naturally differed from the cavalryman, who, we were taught to believe, would seldom fight dismounted. The experiences of this war have altered my ideas. During the war cavalry made but few charges, whereas they often fought on foot throughout the campaign. During the later stages, the Mounted Infantry more often galloped at positions then dismounted and advanced against them as infantrymen. The methods used by cavalry and Mounted Infantry were therefore similar, except in the case of some three or four cavalry charges, and the carbine and rifle were the only weapons really used."

Lieutenant Colonel Godley, then Commandant of the Mounted Infantry at Aldershot (now General Sir Alexander Godley,) when giving evidence before the Royal Commission on the South African War, outlined the functions of Mounted Infantry in the following terms:

"Their role should be to support and form points of appui for the cavalry, or, in the absence of cavalry, to take its place in wide-reaching enveloping movements against the enemy's flanks and lines of communications, destruction of his railways, magazines, telegraphs, etc., to follow up vigorously any advantage gained by a rapid onslaught of the cavalry, to make points of vantage, and to form rallying points in cases of reserve. To move rapidly, to seize defiles, hold bridges, and forestall the enemy in commanding positions in front of the slower moving infantry. In a rear guard action they should be, and proved to be in the war, specially useful, using their fire-power and mobility to delay the enemy till the last moment. They can be most usefully employed as escorts to artillery. They should be trained, as far possible, in the cavalry duties of scouting, patrolling, and reconnaissance, in order that they may take the place of cavalry when the latter are not available, as was the case in the war."

Between two and three hundred Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers served with the various Mounted Infantry battalions during the war. Owing to the fact that they were scattered in sections and small de-

tachments it is, unfortunately, not possible to give here an account of their services. To do so after the lapse of over three decades would be as difficult as it is desirable, since all the histories of the South African War merely refer to "the ...th M.I." as taking part in the various operations, and do not attempt to specify from what regiments the personal were drawn. Perhaps, however, some veteran Inniskilling Mounted Infantryman who reads this article may be good enough to give us a first hand account of their experiences in the good old days when they galloped over the veldt in pursuit of De Wet and similar slippery customers.

During the Boer War the Mounted Infantry were popularly known by their initials, "M.I." or by the nickname of "The Ikonas" which was derived from a word meaning "Look out" in one of the South African native dialects (Zulu, I believe). In its application to the Mounted Infantry it was, of course a tribute to their always being wide awake; a very necessary attribute when campaigning against the Boers, who showed a wonderful flair for catching their enemies napping whenever possible. It is under these two nicknames that Mr. Rudyard Kipling has immortalized the Mounted Infantry, in his well known poem "M.I."

After the Boer War many books were written to prove that the cavalry, as cavalry, were obsolete and should be turned into 'Mounted Rifles' (or, in other words, glorified Mounted Infantry), the sword and lance being relegated to the scrap heap. The drastic suggestion was not acted upon so far as the Regular cavalry were that war all the Imperial Yeomary regiments in Great Britain, though they still retained their old dress and titles as Dragoons, Hussars, etc., were trained on Mounted Infantry lines, and taught the new doctrine of "Shoot straight, and then no enemy can get within striking distance of you!" instead of the old cavalier's idea of "Swords out, knee to and we can smash anything or anybody!" In 1903 one writer even went so far as to say that the South African War had proved ordinary infantry to be obsolete, and therefore all our foot regiments should be turned into Mounted Infantry!

For several years after the Boer War, a very strong British garrison was kept in South Africa and instead of the usual "section," one complete company of each battalion was trained and equipped as Mounted Infantry. There were permanently organized battalions of M.I. composed of three companies, drawn from three different regiments and commanded by a Major. The three companies each had one captain, assisted by four subalterns, each of which was in charge of a "section" thirty strong. Each section was further sub-divided into "groups" of four, with a non-commissioned officer or senior private acting as group leader. Thus duty with the Mounted Infantry gave a good opportunity for young soldiers to learn to use initiative and it accustomed them to undertaking a certain amount of responsibility. The mounts used by the Mounted Infantry were usually country bred South African or imported Argentine cobs, rarely over fifteen hands high. At home the school of instruction for Mounted Infantry was at Longmoor. The men selected for the course of instruction were ordered to be selected for smartness and intelligence, must be at least second class shots, and not to exceed ten stone in weight. Unlike South Africa, where the Mounted Infantry battalions lived and worked together all the year round, at home Mounted Infantry battalions were only assembled when required for training, manoeuvres, etc, the officers and men being with their own units for the rest of the year.

The Australian Light Horse and New Zealand Mounted Rifle Regiments were really more akin to Mounted Infantry in training and equipment until the end of the first two of three years of their Great War service, when they were issued with swords at their own request, after having seen the "white arm" put to good use under favourable circumstances by the English Yeomanry in the desert warfare of Egypt and Palestine.

In February 1914 Mounted Infantry was abolished in the British Army. By that time South Africa had been given self-government and the British Regular garrison in that country carried out as preparation for the great European War which was anticipated, instead of for the colonial campaigns



which had kept the British Army almost continually employed during the reign of Queen Victoria. It was felt that warfare in North West Europe would not offer many chances for the employment of large numbers of mounted troops. This surmise proved correct. In South Africa the foot soldier had shewn his adaptibility by being transformed at short notice into a mounted man; now it was the horseman's turn to prove himself a handyman, and "Dismounted Cavalry Battalions" soon became familiar on the Western Front.

It seemed as if the Mounted Infantryman's sun had set for ever. Yet before the Great War was twelve months old The Loyal North Lancashire Regiment and the 25th (Frontiersmen's) Bn. Royal Fusiliers, engaged in the conquest of the German colonies in East Africa, were employing large Mounted Infantry sections.

In August 1916 four Regular infantry battalions of the British Salonica Force were called upon at short notice to each supply one

officer and twenty men for Mounted Infantry duties. These men were mounted on transport mules. They were sent with a flying column whose duty it was to demolish the bridges over the River Anguista, a tributary of the River Struna, and thus delay the advance of the Bulgarians into Greek Macedonia. The column consisted of a troop of The Surrey Yeomanry, (Queen Mary's Regiment; detachment, 17th Field Company, Royal Engineers; two platoons, Army Cyclist Corps; and Mounted Infantry sections of the 3rd and 4th Bns., The King's Royal Rifle Corps, 4th Bn., The Rifle Brigade, and 2nd Bn. The King's Shropshire Light Infantry. In spite of a certain amount of enemy opposition all the demolition works were successfully carried out, and it was reported that "The Mounted Infantry are held to have performed with great credit."

Another Mounted Infantry company was formed at Troitsa (Russia) in the summer of 1919, from men of the 45th and 46th Bns.

Royal Fusiliers, then serving with the North Russian Relief Force. When Volunteers for this Mounted Infantry unit were called for, one man (an Irish private in 'C' Company, 46th Royal Fusiliers) pressed his claim very strongly, on the grounds that he understood horses, having acted as groom to the colonel of the unit in which he had formerly served. With a view to testing his veterinary knowledge, the Company Commander asked him if he knew anything about 'thrush'. Whereupon "the soldiers face assumed an expression of blank amazement, and, with a rich Irish brogue he replied 'Do you mean a bird, sir?'" On investigation being made it was found that he had told the truth when claiming to have been a Colonel's groom, —but had omitted to mention that his tenure in that appointment had been for one week only!

So for the present we leave the Mounted Infantry; now only a memory of the past. Yet even in these days of mechanization it is not impossible that somewhere on the

outskirts of the Empire we may get mixed up in some little war where once again the infantryman has to be temporarily issued with saddle and spurs.

The railroad porter was a very truthful man. In his youthful days he had been severely reprimanded for inaccuracy and ever since had been painstakingly correct.

One day a Colonel approached him and asked genially:

"Is that my train, porter?"

"No, Sir, replied the careful one," it belongs to the company. "Don't be funny" snapped the Colonel. "You know I didn't mean that, 'I want to know if I can take this train to San Diego.'"

"There is no need Sir," the porter answered, "That's what we an engine for."

The Colonel did not say anything, but what he thought..... Tut-Tut.

# Do you drink plenty of Milk?

Milk is one of the most nourishing foods obtainable and should be included in the daily diet of every person. Drink at least a quart a day of milk which you know to be pure, rich and wholesome for.....health!

*City Dairy*

**Spadina Cres.,**

**Toronto.**

**Kingsdale 6151**



# ATTENTION

The price of shoes is rising rapidly. Le Canada of Montreal said on Monday June 26th:—"The price of shoes will increase from 50 cents to \$1.50 per pair. This increase is necessitated by the rise in the cost of leather." This was the announcement of Mr. S. Roy Weaver, manager of the Canadian Shoe Manufacturers Association.

The price of leather, he remarked, has increased from 150 to 200 per cent during the last three months.

"The farmers" he said "are profiting by increased demand and higher prices. They are actually receiving for calf skins three and four times the price they received several months ago. The increase in the price of hides is general and this is the cause of increased shoe prices.

Despite all this our prices are still the same.

## GEORGES ST-GERMAIN

Courtesy, Service and  
Satisfaction always rule.

Wholesale & Retail

(In front Imperial Theatre)  
Richelieu St. St. Johns

## Things We Would Like to Know.

Who was the Trooper, when asked by his troop Sergeant to go and get a penant for his lance, came back with a six foot signal flag.

And was it the same trooper who asked his Troop Sergeant what he was to do with that horse hair that was attached to his Troop Sergeants Review Order Helmet.

Who was the N.C.O. while on Machine-gun instruction asked the instructor "When a machine-gun runs away, and cannot stopped,

what happens to the gun when its run of ammunition.

Who was the Officer who wanted to know why the clock on the ranges was so inconsistent as to time, for two days the hands remained at a quarter to eight, then for no apparent reason at all swung round to three-fifteen, and remained there, we wonder if it is still three-fifteen?

Who was the Sergeant, who on arrived at Point-aux-Trembles with a trunk, well, of undoubtable age. It informed us in a big sign that it "Was wanted on voyage". We have an idea that we saw the faded letters "The Pilgrim Fathers." "c/o The Mayflower." on the side, this may have been our imagination, but, you never can tell.

Who was the Trooper, who, when told that his bank account was overdrawn, told the Teller that he would make him out a check for the amount.

Who is the young soldier in 2nd troop who hung up the sign "Washee, Washee, Dippy, and how much washee it took to fill the gas tank?

Who is McDuff? can anyone tell us?

Who is the Trooper who put hard boiled eggs in his pocket to keep them cool.

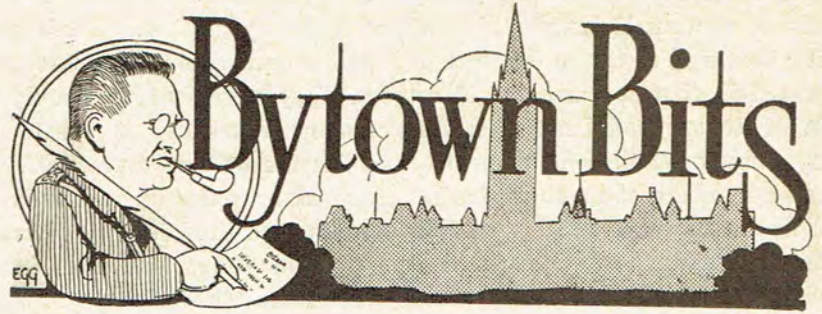
Who was the trooper who wanted to know how much the English and French dictionary cost, and what did the girl say when he tried to talk French.

What about this moustache epidemic? is it serious? What do you think about the situation, Moss? come on out from behind that brush and tell us.

The bright young man was making application for his bonus.

"How much service did you have asked the clerk?"

"No service at all" replied the young man, "I was only a corporal and had to wait on myself."



### New Commands Company:—

The Ottawa Company of the 4th C.M.G.B., now has a new commanding officer in the person of Captain A. G. Fisher, who has been promoted to the rank of major on the retirement of Major Travers. Major Fisher served with the "Emma Gees" throughout the late war and afterwards for a time held a commission in the defunct R.C.M.G. Brigade.

**Training:—**The units of the Ottawa garrison are now hard at their training. The P.L.D.G. and Signals each go to Connaught next month and the Artillery to Petawawa. The infantry will each put in a week end at the camp and the Machine Gunners will also put in a period there.

**Cadet Inspection:—**For the past week the Cadet Inspection staff have been busy conducting inspections of the different cadet units in Ottawa. Judging from the enthusiasm displayed the Ottawa garrison will have no dearth of recruits for the next few years.

**Guards Dine:—**The Officers of the Governor General's Foot Guards held their annual dinner at the Chateau Laurier on the evening of the 6th instant. In addition to the serving officers, all past living commanding officers were present and the Honorary Lieut. Colonel, the Hon. A. C. Hardy.

**Association Meets:—**The annual meeting of the Canadian Army Service Corps Association was held in Ottawa on the 5th and 6th instant. The meetings which were held in the Chateau were attended by delegates from every district in Canada. On the evening of the 5th a dinner was held at which the guests of honor were

the Right Hon. Sir Robert Borden and Major General A. G. McNaughton, Chief of Staff.

**The King's Birthday:—**The anniversary of the birth of His Majesty the King was fittingly celebrated in Ottawa. At 11 o'clock the Governor General's Foot Guards paraded to Parliament Hill, where the time honored custom of Trooping the Colour was carried out in a creditable manner. The unit was afterwards inspected and marched past His Excellency the Governor General. At noon the 51st Howitzer Battery, 1st Brigade, C.F.A. fired a salute on Cartier Square. In the afternoon their Excellencies the Governor General and Lady Bessborough, entertained at a Garden Party at Government House.

**Deposited Colours:—**The opening of the new Knox Church was marked by a pleasing ceremony on the afternoon of June 4th, when the colours of the 207th Battalion C. E. F. were deposited in the edifice. The colours were originally placed in the old church, but were removed last fall by the 38th Ottawa Highlanders, when the old building was closed as a church. They remained in custody of the 38th until now when they were again handed over to the congregation. The 38th paraded together with a large number of the old 207th led by Colonel Charles W. McLean, of Montreal, the commanding officer. The services were conducted by the Rev. Dr. Johnston, the pastor assisted by the Rev. Captain Logan-Vinceta and Major the Rev. W. W. MacNairn, chaplains of the 38th

**The Closing:—**Owing to the lateness of the hour of closing of Parliament on the 27th May, the military display was very much curtailed. The P.L.D.G. the Artil-



With the Compliments of  
James H. Cosgrave,  
Toronto, Ont.

lery and the G.G.F.G., stood to all afternoon but when the house failed to close by six o'clock they were dismissed. The Governor-General attended at 8.30 o'clock and carried out the ceremony in short order.

**To Change Name:**—It is understood that the name of the 38th Ottawa Highlanders is shortly to be changed to that of the 38th Cameron Highlanders of Canada.

Bobby: (with pair of very disreputable looking boots): Can I have rubber soles put on these?"

Sergeant: (Shoemaker) where did you get those?"

Bobby: They were thrown out found them on my way to the incinerator."

Sergeant: (after some thought) Well, the best thing you can do is to keep on your way to the incinerator, and when you get there throw them in."

Exit Bobby!!!

### A Question.

"I say," exclaimed the traveling salesman, just as if it had suddenly occurred to him, and he hadn't been thinking of it all along, "what's become of that stunning blonde stenographer you had around here the last time I called?"

The buyer pointed beyond the low railing which separated his desk from the main office.

"See that long corridor, with the various departments on both sides?" he questioned.

The salesman nodded.

"Well," said the others, "here on this side is the bookkeeper's office, and beyond that the cashier's and beyond that the sales department. Now, on the other side, you see the auditor's desk, the complaint department, the credit department, the vice-president's office, etc. Get it?"

"Sure," responded the salesman, puzzled. "But I don't get you. What I asked was, what has become of that good-looking stenographer?"

The boss held up a warning hand.

"Wait," he said, "I'm telling you, only you'll have to let me do it in my own way. You may recall that the stenographer you're inquiring about was in the sales department, way down at the end of the corridor."

"Sure," nodded the salesman.

"All right, then," went on the buyer. "Now about a dozen times an hour, that blonde dame either went to the water-cooler, for a drink, or to some other department or an errand, or found some other excuse to trail down the corridor. Ever notice how she walked?"

"Did I?" sighed the salesman. "Ah, boy!"

"Exactly. And every time she started that parade, all business ceased along the line of march. Every man, every boy, every adolescent male in the works quit what he was doing, and rested his eyes on those hips, those shoulders, them eyes, them profile, and other details.

"The bookkeeper would double cross his double entries, the cashier

would hand out two tens for a five the vice-president would lose a big customer, the adding machine chaps would hit the wrong keys, the office boys would forget everything.

"I called in an efficiency expert, and he figured that every time that blonde strolled down the corridor, it cost the firm \$97.82. And since she was only pulling down \$20 a week herself, and worth about half that—well, I guess that answers your question."

We acknowledge with thanks the Canadian Magazine, The Household Brigade Magazine, and the Connecting File.

Imaginative Soldier "Just think man has learned to fly like a bird."

Stolid Ditto: "Yeh, but he can't sit on a barbed wire fence."

Only one man in love ever told the truth, and that was Adam, when he said Eve: "you are the only girl in the world for me."



# The Battery

(By Llewellyn Hughes)

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The author of THE BATTERY, Llewellyn Hughes, served during the war with the 10th Canadian Siege Battery as a gunner. Copyright of this story is held by P. S. Collier and Son Company and permission to use it has been obtained from the author.

## Part II

"Two of the horses, sir—we'll have to finish them."

Then a couple of sudden shots sounded, and we rode on as before.

We got to our position about two in the morning. We had to do it quickly so that the enemy should not hear us. I heard afterwards it was a sunken road, but for all we knew we might have been anywhere. There was no protection of any kind, and everybody realized that we would be in full view as soon as the dark lifted. I could never find the place again. There would be nothing to guide me except a racing stream. We crossed that by means of a pontoon some engineers had built. We seemed stranded, dumped, in the wastes of some dark, deserted hinterland.

Anyway, there we were ordered to dismount; there we were told to unlimber our guns and swing them into line. And then we set to work. We worked for dear life in the pouring rain. I shall never forget it. We were soaked to the skin, we slid in the mud here there and everywhere like a lot of ninepins, and we worked till our eyes bulged. We dug a narrow trench in a clay that stuck to our shovels and had to be pried off with boot and finger; we stacked the extra ammunition and made a shelter for it—worked, I tell you under a ceaseless rain, put our backs into it, as though work would win the war.

A lot of eager boys, that's all we were, and our captain was a bit worried about us. He knew we were all right when it came to drilling and digging trenches, but he was wondering how we would stand up under fire, when shrapnel and high explosive began dancing among us. And I recall thinking: "By Jove, we are not more than a quarter of a mile from the enemy, and in a few hours' time there will be the very dickens of a racket—and here I am as

cool as a radish, getting my gun in readiness and camouflaging it with whatever I can find in the rain and dark." I tell you I felt proud of myself. There was something inside of me that burned like a fire. And when the captain or lieutenant spoke to me, I would throw out my chest and salute—just as though it were daylight and they could see me.

"Put the caisson alongside the guns—and see they are well hidden."

"Yes, sir."

"Corporal take a squad—and get busy camouflaging the signaler's quarters."

"Yes, sir."

"Sergeant, detail three men to go back with the horses."

"Yes, sir."

"Lieutenant, I want everything shipshape before the first sign of dawn."

"Yes, sir," Quick, like the snap of a breech bolt.

The greatest of all martial music is that. It thrills me to think of it. Obedience to the word of command. Tell me what is finer? Obedience! Necessary to success, it is ennobling in its performance; to hear it is stimulating, and it is stirring to observe.

There was nothing too much of a task for us that night, and the herald of dawn came up like a wraith to find us prepared and waiting. Our faces very grey—but not with fear. And when our captain came along to have a look at us, we lined up for him. He was haggard, and his eyes were bloodshot; but his voice was gentle as a woman's.

I cannot remember what he said. It was something about being proud of us that he had not heard a whimper although the battery had been twenty-four hours without grub. It was something about his being glad to be our leader.

I think he told us we were in a tough spot, and that at five o'clock the barrage would commence; that it would take the enemy about five minutes to find us and about half a minute to range us. I heard his words as from a great distance, from somewhere, above the clouds, beyond the rain.

There were communication trenches to right and left of us, and they were packed with men waiting to go over in support of the first. We knew it was up to us to cover them while we had a man left to fire the guns. While he

spoke to us I never took my eyes off the captain. He was cased in mud, unshaven, gaunt and weary, but a great light shone through him, and—to me—he stood for captaincy and glory, for everything that was fine and splendid.

It seems long ago now. Only ten years have passed away, but I have lost that exhilaration, that thrill for adventure that comes with youth. Then I was in the flush of young manhood. I felt as though the world was at my feet and only courage and strength were needed to accomplish all things.

The battle is dim to me. I think such battles remain dim to every soldier. He has his work to do his orders to obey, and that occupies all his attention.

Next to that night ride in the rain, I remember most vividly the scene of our position when all was over.

Under the still pouring rain of that early morn we presented a sight that would have hushed anyone. There was not much left of us—six little heaps of broken gun wheels, twisted shields, grotesque-looking caissons—but I tell you we were a picture a tableau of blazing courage. And yet, for all we had accomplished, heaven seemed to frown on us. Enormous low-flying clouds, gray and heavy bore down on what remained, intent on sweeping the fragment into oblivion. But I was delirious with happiness, for I knew we had done well; and the strength of youth—its enthusiasm, service heritage—lay revealed for all to see.

The six guns were broken, and the rain fell pitilessly on what was left of them. Like a limp rag doll the sergeant was propped against a gun wheel. A little band of four were piled in a neat heap over a trail. A corporal supported himself by an arm flung over a jagged shield; he was silhouetted against the dawn, a scarecrow of a soldier. His youthful head would never lift again, but he was still facing the enemy.

There we were. Stilled, after a night of feverish activity, after a morning's battle. The shreds of a battery; with the rain coming down and washing our blood from trail and gun wheel, from shield and breech, from limber, caisson, handspike and the litter of empty cartridge cases. I could have gazed at it forever. To me it was

a beautiful sight. But they were carrying me away, and I was to spend to keep my eyes open.

I shall never experience it again. It belongs to a day when I was young, when I wished to vindicate my strength, when I wanted to prove I could conquer darkness and conduct myself like a true soldier. It gladdens me to think of it, to look back and realize I stood my ground as well as the best of them.

The service of youth—it is a fine, a noble thing. I know lots of chaps whose youth is nothing to them but a blurred memory of drinking parties and going out. For all the twenty-year-old vitality that was theirs they have nothing to show for it, nothing to recall with pride and happy recollection, their heart is not gladdened with the realization their youth served them well.

But I tell you I have a comforting reflection. I stacked my youth against odds worthy of its steel, and it all seems splendid to me now—and I don't regret a single moment of it. Maybe I spent my youth quickly, but I spent it well, and I shall remember that hour with pride, remember it so long as I live. . . . And now, sir—do you mind handing me my crutches?

Over heard at the baseball game, 1st Troop vs. 2nd Troop.

Sergeant: (unwilling player, who is late) "Say, whats the matter with you? come on and lets go on with the game."

Unwilling player: "Why didn't you wait until I got here."

Sergeant (exasperated) "Well if you think that I am going down on your knees and kiss my . . . you have another big think coming."

N.C.O. "You look worried."

Trooper: "Yes, I have one dollar over this pay, and for the life of me I can't think what installment I forgot to pay."

"Where is my wandering pal tonight?"

Cried Bobby, lone and sad.

Just then the phone rang, and he heard—

"I'm with the Motorcycle Squad."

A recruit went to have his photograph taken—"Mounted or other wise" asked the photographer.

"Oh, I'll take it mounted, my folks have never seen me on a horse before." replied the recruit.



# MILITARY DRAMA.

(From 'Punch')

Here is another play which Private Pullthrough and I have written in collaboration.

This little drama centres round the most important thing in the whole of a military career, that which makes the heart of every soldier leap beneath his tunic, that which is shared alike by all, from officer to private. I refer to leave.

Act. I., Scene I—A dark and windswept parade-ground at 7.30 a.m. on a winter morning. It is deserted. Parade is not till 7.45.

(Curtain)

Scene II.—The same, a quarter of an hour later. 'A' Company has just fallen in. The stage, by the way, is still in darkness except for the glow of the Sergeant-Major's cigar, which he is holding behind him.

A Platoon Sergeant (calling the roll, while privates reply: 'Here Sir!') Private Palindrome. Private Rumpelstiltskin. Private Smith, A. Private Smith, A.K. Private Smith A. W. Private Smith C. (104). Private Smith, C. (543.)

(When Private Smith, C. (543), who is the hero of the play, answers his name, there should be a pause and a spot-light should be turned full upon him.

Another Sergeant (who has had war service.) Put that—light out!

Curtain

Scene III.—A quarter of an hour later still. There is more light, as during the scene the sun is switched on at the back. No. 2 Platoons in which, thanks to the previous limelight, the audience will recognize Private Smith, C. 543, is doing physical drill.

Sergeant Sikiface, the Platoon-Sergeant (comfortably ensconced in a great-coat). Knees hup! Hup! Hup! Hup! Life them hup there, Smith. 'Igher! 'Igher!....

(This can go on for ten minutes or so if the stage flooring will bear it. If it doesn't stand it the play just stops at this point.)

Private Smith, C. (543) (to his neighbour, Private Smith, C. (871) in a whisper which the back row

of the audience must hear above the crashing of boots, but which the Sergeant mustn't) He is jealous of us because we are going on leave today and he has to stay behind.

Private Smith, C. (871) (with out enthusiasm). Yes.

(He is out of breath, and besides he has heard the above information at every rehearsal.)

Private S. 'Igher! 'Igher  
Private S. C. (543) (chatilly) It is my opinion he would like to stop us going.

Private S., C (871) (Shortly) Yes.

(He is not much of a conversationalist during the physical drill.)

Sergt. S. 'Alt! (They 'alt) Was you talking, Smith?

Seventeen Voices. No.

Sergt. S., Smith, C., I mean.

Four voices. No.

Sergt. S. (giving it up as a bad job). Well, don't let me hear you doing it again.

(He scowls angrily at Private Smith, C., (543), and the audience can see that he has it up against him.

Curtain

Act II—A corner of the barracks with some full kitbags lying against a wall. Some full privates can be heard singing off, "Furlough today. Hip-hip hoo-ray!"

Enter Sergeant Sikiface very furtively, carrying a safe.

Sergt. S. (nominally to himself, actually to the audience). I will be even with Smith yet. I will stop his going off on leave.

'Twas a good idea of mine, that it was, to secretly and without anyone noticing abstract the office safe. I will conceal it in Private Smith, C., (543)'s kit-bag and then accuse him. Hist, what's that? I hear footsteps.

(A loud tramping breaks out suddenly at this cue. Sergeant Sikiface runs to the kit-bags and hurriedly stuffs the safe into one of them.

Sergt. S. Ah, ha! That will settle him!

When Private Smith, C. (543) who has been marking time loudly in the wings till he can come on, enters, Sergeant Sikiface has now moved away and is innocently wading into a friend in the audience.)

Sergt. S. (in a honeyed voice, but swinging his cane nervously)

Ah, Smith just off on leave? Hope you have a pleasant time!

(He swings his cane still more

nervously, hits himself accidentally across the side of the face, are goes out.

Enter more Privates, who pick up their kit-bags and prepare to go on leave.

Private S., C. (543) (coming front and treading on a footlight) The quality of furlough is not strained;

It cometh, as do most things that

I know,

Via the Sergeant-Major. It is twice.

(Two alarms and excursions, off, together with cries of "Stop, Thief!"

Enter a hatless and Sam-Brownelless Company-Commander, running.

Company-Commander. The office safe has been stolen!

Enter a Pay-Sergeant and two clerks, running.

Private S., C. (543) Tut! What matter? (Prepares to go on leave.)

Enter a Sergeant-Major, having run.

The Sergeant-Major. The weekly pay was inside it.

Private S., C. (543). Heavens! This is serious. Who can have committed this dastardly outrage?

Enter Sergeant Sikiface.

Sergt. S. (dramatically). I can guess. (Points to Private Smith, C., (543). That man was prowling around the orderly room just now. He now appears to be very anxious to get away. Tell him to turn out his kit-bag.

The Co. Commander (Wringing his hands). Smith, do turn out your kit-bag please, like what the Sergeant says.

Private Smith, C. (543) obeys. In his kit bag are only the usual articles: Shirts, grey, flannel, 1 (and one on the man); socks, grey, woollen, worsted, pairs, 2 (and 1 on the man); underpants, woollen, lon...for Complete list see "Clothing Regulations."

Sergt. S., (astounded). What nothing there? Look again, my man. Perhaps you'll find it in your hussif.

Private S., C. (871) (drawing the safe out of his kit-bag). Why! What's this?

All (promptly, this being an easy one.) The safe!

Sergt. S. (aside). Fool that I was. I put it in the kit-bag of the wrong Smith, C.

(His words are unfortunately not far enough aside, for the Pay-



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Sergeant hears him).

The Pay-Sergeant. What—you put it in?

The Company-Commander looks at him. Sergeant Sikiface hangs his head guiltily.

Private S., C. (543). Sir, I forgive him. As I am going on leave I—

The C.-C. You are not going on leave yet. You too are under suspicion.

Private S., C. (543). (hurriedly). Oh, in that case I don't forgive him. . . . But, Sir (falls on one knee and sobs), let me have my leave, I beg you!

The C.-C. Why? (Whips out a book and reads). "Leave is a privilege and not a right."

Private S., C. (543). Yes, I know; but I must—

The C.-C. Have you any good reason?

Private S., C. (543) (in a low voice). Sir my wife is expecting—

The C.-C. (shaken with emotion.) My boy, say no more. Go! And the blessing of your officer go with you.

## Soldiers of Today.

(From the Army, Navy and Air Force Gazette)

(From a Military Correspondent)

The Army of today is different, in some respects very different, from what it was before the war. It is smaller in numbers but more highly equipped with tanks, dragons, tractors and everything else that is essential to its completeness and efficiency. It is a younger army too. For the time being, under the sheer pressure of circumstances, the seasoned soldier of whom the country used to be so justly proud has faded into the background. Practically all the men now in the ranks have joined up during the last five or six

Private. S., C. (543) (waiting till he gets to the wings before he finishes his sentences.)—expecting me back on leave, Sir. (Exit very hurriedly.)

Curtain.

A.A.

years.

Youth, is in fact the primary characteristic of the soldier of today. But the army is losing little or nothing on that account. Its health, its vigour, its moral tone, and its general efficiency were never higher than they are now. In measure this is due to the fact that the process of selection is always at work. The traditional "Sergeant Kite" no longer looks for his quarry in the tap-rooms of public houses nor promises a capacious bowl of punch with which to drink the King's health and the recruit's good fortune. In the army to today there is no room for wasters, loafers and down-and-outs. Every man who is accepted for service has to pass a severe physical test, show a reasonable degree of intelligence and education and produce a certificate of good character covering a period of at least six months. And of every 100 applicants who undergo these tests not more than 20 on the average are accepted. The failures, it is true, are chiefly due to the lack of physical fitness.

But even so, at least 30,000 men are now being found year by year to maintain the Army's strength—healthy, vigorous, full-blooded young men, erect of carriage, clear-eyed and keen-faced. Not only are these 30,000 able to pass without difficulty a rigid physical test and an equally rigid character test; many of them, and an increasing number of them, are far above the average level of intelligence and education. "Sergeant Kite" would have looked with wondering and suspicious eyes on any recruit who claimed that he had qualified for entrance to a university, or that he was ready to give up a good job in order to become a soldier. But today there are men in the ranks who have passed through secondary schools, and who hold the Scottish Leaving Certificate the London University Matriculation Certificate, the Oxford and Cambridge Local Examination Certificate, and similar educational qualifications.

To be continued



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